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HUNTING A DINNER.

The invitation, which was addressed to M. and Mme. Tamponet, read as follows: with traffles. The tront is not to be delayed, so pardon this hurried invitation and come and dine with us this evening."

Tamponet's face took on an expression of joy that every gourmet will under-stand, for Tamponet wielded a famous That very day the couple had had a quarrel about the dinner—onion soup, fried whiting, a boiled shoulder of mutton and

Whom is the invitation from?" asked madame. Wait a moment, I'm trying to make

out," said Tomponet, and he murmured 'Rousse—Bouss—ah, Rousseau!" "Oh, the Rousseaus!" exclaimed Mme. Tamponet. "Very kind of them, I'm sure. Well, what's the matter with you, looking at the letter like that? Come, let's get

I-I said Rousseau, but I am not sureit seems to me that"— then, thinking he has it at last—"ah, Boussieux—at least, I think so. Rouss-Bouss-no, it's neither an R nor a B, it's an H," and he began mumbling again: "Hels, Hass, Hiss, Houss-ah, our friends the Houssards." Well, if we can't make the name out,

we shan't go, then," concluded Mme. Tamponet, "and it'll teach people who invite us to dinner to sign their letters But our friends rely on us." Tamponet

declared. "We must take a carriage by the hour and go to all three places."
"All three places!" repeated Mme. Tam-

ponet ironically. "Do you think I am going on a wild goose chase with you from one end of Paris to the other?" Well, then, I'll go for you.'

Or rather for the trout and the pullet. They're better than your fried whiting, your boiled leg of mutton that's all gristle and tendons, and your lentils.

Oh, I know you would go all over Paris for a good dinner. Bab, your gluttony is disgusting." And the discussion ended there. Mme. Tamponet slammed the door of her room after her. An empty cab passed the door as Tam

ponet left the house. He halled the driver, and the carriage stopped. "By the hour," he said.
"Right your are. Where to?"

Houseard living nearest, his address was given first. In ten minutes Tamponet was there. He hurried up the three flights to the Houssards' floor and rang An instant later he was received by Mme. Houssard.

'My dear M. Tamponet." she exclaimed, rising painfully from an easy chair, what happy thought brought you to see a poor invalid laid up with the headache? How kind you are. It is not my reception day, I am not expecting any one, my husband is dining down town, and you can't imagine how tired of myself I was get-

Tamponet could make no adequate response to such a cordial greeting. "You are too good, my dear madam," he stam-"Unfortunately I cannot stay mered.

You must stay as long as you can. How is your charming wife?" And the invalid continued to eulogize the wife, while the husband, who dared not look at his watch, could not take his eyes off the

clock. "You are noticing my clock?" said the lady presently. "Is it not pretty? My husband bought it for me at a sale, and it was a rare bargain. It has quite a history-rather a long story, but''-

Tamponet jumped up in affright. "My dear madam," he exclaimed, "I could never forgive myself if I let you fatigue yourself with a long recital, when you have such a headache." And as she laid her hand on his arm to detain him he seized the extended hand, shook it and escaped. Our gastronome next gave Boussieux's

Mme. Boussieux was at home. Her hus band having left for Havre that morning to be gone three or four days, she had told her cook and the maid that she would dine with some friends, and that after her late breakfast they could take the day off. As soon as the breakfast table was cleared the servants left. Their mistress immedi ately got a cab at the neighboring stand and was driven with all haste to a famous restaurant, where she ordered an elaborate dinner for two.

Just as Tamponet was about to ring the bell at Boussieux's, the door opened to give passage to a white costumed individual who stood aside, holding in his hand an empty hamper, on which could be read the name of the famous restaurant.

'At last!' sighed Tamponet, and his mouth fairly watered. "Here it is." And he went in.

An individual in a dress coat, with white tie and gloves, was standing in the

"I suppose you are in the same box as myself," said Tamponet to the personage in evening dress. "You're waiting for a "No, sir," replied the other. "I am a

waiter from Voisin's famous restaurant, and I am to serve dinner as soon as an expected guest arrives."

"Hum, I must be keeping them waiting," thought Tamponet, and seeing the door of the drawing room open he entered the room, his excuses on the tip of his

He was surprised to see no one there. But doubtless Boussieux had taken the men into his study to give them an absinth, while the ladies must be in his wife's room. And he went down the long hall, at the end of which was Boussieux's Here a new surprise awaited him. The door was closed, and he heard no

s from within. While Tamponet was thus searching for the guests a little conjugal drama was ng place at the other end of the a Boussleux, having met the Havre shant, who had himself started for Paris, at the Rouen station, returned with They had arranged their business Catr on the train, and Boussieux, as soon he reached Paris, had hurried home, are he expected to flud his wife at din-. As he had his key he had come in ut ringing the bell, and sculng the

before mentioned personage in the anteroom had stopped in surprise.

The waiter made himself known and added that the expected gentleman had just arrived. As for himself, he was just about to serve dinner.

Not comprehending what all this meant

and fearing to comprehend it, Boussleux turned pale 'Expected gentleman! Who expects

him?" he demanded. Boussieux was a very Othello. "Madame," replied the waiter, "madame ordered dinner for two." Boussieux bounded forward, burst into

the dining room like a whirlwind and saw

the covers laid for two. At that moment the bell rang, Mme Boussieux ran to the antercom to admit the impatiently awaited friend. A quick shade of vexation came into her face as she foresaw some obstacle. Feverishly she tore open the note. A sudden illness made the projected dinner impossible. By this time the husband was in his wife's room, where he had thought to surprise her. Seeing no one there, he returned and burst in upon his wife.

of thunder. "For whom was all this splendor ordered from the restaurant?" The guilty woman had an inspiration. "What a ridiculous scene your jealousy is making!" she replied calmly. end place was laid for a lady I have been

"At last I find you!" he said in a voice

"Enough of your brazenness!" roared Boussieux. "The gentleman you expected

"A gentleman?" she replied, with an ironical smile. "Very well, if he is here, find him."

The noise of the discussion had reached "We have just received a hamper con-taining a superb trout and a pullet stuffed to himself, and he entered the room just as the jealous husband was about to begin his search for the man who had shattered his domestic paradise.

Mme. Boussieux was thunderstuck. "You!" cried the husband, selzing him by the throat. "A friend, too!" he roared, shaking the unhappy Tamponet, who was gasping as if he were about to die. "It's

always one's friends who do these things. With that he drew a revolver from his pocket. The sight of the weapon gave poor Tamponet the energy of despair. With a violent wrench he broke from the infuriated husband and fled for his life, hastened

by the sound of the pistol shots. The reports of the pistol had drawn the concierge, who was busy on the upper floor, hurried down with all haste, while, his six shots expended, the terrible husband re-entered his own apartment to tenants saw only the man who was tumbling, rather than running, down stairs. They all immediately set after him, cry-"Stop him! Stop him! Murder!" And when the fleeing man, now frightened out of his senses, arrived at the street door where his cab awaited him, he beheld a great crowd collected by the pistol shots and uproar. At sight of this man—bareheard him reply to the driver's question as to their destination "Wherever you like!"

then they were convinced. 'What's the row here?' demanded the policemen, running up, and when the matter was explained to them they drag-ged the supposed assassin from the cab ter for a brief period, and then, immewhere he was hiding more dead than diately before getting into bed, they

Hold on! That's Tamponet!" exclaimed a passerby who had stopped through ou-

"Ah, my good friend!" sobbed the unhappy man. "Speak for me; tell them I am not the assassin. In fact, it is I they wanted to kill." "He an assassin!" exclaimed the friend.

Why, he's a respectable tradesman. I've known him 30 years."

him too.' the police station. There they had an explanation. The supposed accomplices proved their identity. Tamponet recount-

Both entered the cab, which was still waiting for Tamponet, and the friend gave his own address to the driver. 'Where are you taking me?" asked the hero of our tale.

the prisoners

'To my house-you must dine with us.' 'Dine! Ah, my friend, all this has sadly spoiled my appetite!" replied Tamponet in a broken voice. The carriage stopped, and they entered

the host's house. My dear," the latter said to his wife, "I have brought home to dine with us my old friend Tamponet, who has just had a most amusing adventure—he has been parsley. surprised in a rendezvous with a lady"and he burst into laughter.

'I protest, madame," exclaimed the That's all right. You can explain at able," laughed his host; then to his wife he added, "What have you for dinner?" 'Onlon soup," the lady replied,

Tamponet started uneasily. - 'after the soup," the lady continued, ome fried whiting"-

Heavens!" gasped our gastronome -"a boiled shoulder of mutton," added the good woman.

And lentils!" cried Tamponet 'How did you know that?" asked the lady in surprise.

"Just a fancy that came to me," re sponded the guest, with a sad smile, and he added to himself, "To think that I have brought all these troubles on myself because I would not eat this same dinner at home!"-From the French For San Francisco Argonaut

"I'se In Town, Honey!"



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Sold throughout the world. Potten Dana and Chin. Cohn., Sole Props., Hoston, U.S. A. "How to Cure every Skin Disease," mailed free.

HOW TO COOK HALIBUT STEAKS Cut the fish into neat slices, beat them lightly, season with white pepper and a very little salt and place them in a well buttered baking dish. Pour over other tenants from their rooms, and the them a gill of light French wine or a wineglassful of sherry and about the same of strained lemon juice and let it rook in the oven, covered with a buthave an explanation from his wife. The tered paper, for 15 to 25 minutes, ac cording to thickness. For the sauce stir over the fire an onnce of butter with an ounce of fine flour till well blended, but not colored; then r or to it rather more than a gill of fish stock or boiling water, white pepper and salt to taste and let it all cook together for 8 or 10 minutes, then add to it the strained eaded, pale, haggard, his hair rumpled liquor from the fish. Let this all boil a family of grown up children, but the and his clothing in disorder—the crowd together for a minute, wring it through had no doubt that he was some terrible a fine sieve, add about one half ounce of criminal, and when they saw him hurl butter and stir this into the sauce till himself into the cab, calling to the driver: melted off the fire. Dish the fish steaks Quick as you can. Ten francs tip!" and neatly, pour this sauce over them and

How to Prevent Cold Feet. This is the plan to adopt with cold should be rubbed till they glow, with a pair of hair flesh gloves or a rough Turkish towel. After this a bot water bottle will be successful enough in maintaining the temperature of the feet, though, without this preliminary, it is impotent to do so.

How to Use Turkey Scraps. Remove bone and skin and cut into "That's an accomplice yelled the pieces about the size used for chicken heard cries of alarm coming from the Bor-"He wants to save him. Arrest salad. Butter a baking dish, cover with den mansion. Mrs. Adelaide B. Churchill, The officers put Tamponet back into the then with a layer of the minced turkey. Alice Russell, all of whom lived less than cab, made his friend get in beside him and Season, and if there is any dressing left a hundred yards away, heard Lizzie Borordered the driver to take them both to add a layer of that. Add another layer | den's cry for help and ran in that direcof crumbs and alternate them with the tion turkey until the dish is filled. Scatter ed the history of his invitation, showed his with bits of butter, and also use to letter, and the sergeant, after having moisten the dish any gravy that has laughed long over the adventure, dismissed been left. Heat through and brown in For each pint of minced meat make a dressing from a pint of milk thickened with a tablespoonful of butter mixed with 2 of flour. Heat the milk in a double boiler when the sauce is smooth and creamy, season with salt and cavenne pepper and mix the meat with it. Fill buttered individual scallop dishes with the mixture, scatter the top with bread crumbs and brown in the oven. Garnish the top with a slice of lemon or a bit of

How to Make a New Salad. A salad of celery and English walnuts is delicious to serve with a little dinner. Cut the celery into small pieces and mix with it one-third of the quentity of English walnut meats broken in two and enough mayonnaise to moisten it well. Garnish with young, tender lettuce leaves and serve.

How to Test Water.

Into a perfectly clean bottle, having a stopper of ground glass, put 5 ounces of water to be tested. To the water add 10 grains (by weight) of pure granulated sugar. Cork tight and set in a window, exposed freely to light, but not to the direct rays of the sun. Do not disturb the bottle and keep the temperature as near 70 degrees F. as possible. If the water contains organic matter, within 48 hours an abundance of whitish specks will be seen floating about. and the more organic matter the more specks. In a week or ten days, if the water is very bad, the odor of rancid butter will be noticed on removing the stopper. The little specks will settle to the bottom, where they will appear as white, flaky masses. Such water should not be used for drinking purposes.

How to Make a Blanquette of Chicken. Put a cup of cream sauce into a double boiler, add a pint of cooked chicken, cut in strips, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. When hot, beat the yolks of 2 eggs, add 2 tablespoonfuls of milk, stir into the chicken. Cook 2 minutes. Serve in rice or potato border, or with a garnish of tonst points.

Scald a quart of milk and stir in 4 heaped tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, stirring and boiling it for a minute or two, until all the chocolate is dissolved. Beat up the yolks of 6 eggs with half a pound of castor sugar and stir them into the milk and chocolate. Flavor the custard according to taste, pour it into small cups or molds and stand them in a baking tin, with about an inch of water around them. Put the tin in the oven and cook the custard slowly till set. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add a little white sugar, and when the custards are cold pile the froth on top, with a preserved cherry or piece of red jelly as a decora-

FALL RIVER TRAGEDY.

One of the Most Mysterious Murders In History.

THE TRIAL OF LIZZIE BORDEN DE

A Case That Created Widespread Excite ment a Few Years Ago and Is Still as Far From Solution as Ever-Peculias

[Copyright, 1895, by American Press Associa

Up to noon on Thursday, the 4th day of August, 1892, Andrew J. Borden and his second wife, Abbie D. Borden, were residents of a comfortable old fashloned home. 92 Second street, in the town of Fall Riv er. Mass. Mr. Borden was a genuine New Englander, and by thrift, energy and an exemplary life had accumulated a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars. His family were among the earliest settlers of New England, and in old England, from which the family came, they claimed a



ANDREW J. BORDEN.

direct descent from one of the officers who came from Normandy with William the

Living in the same house with Mr. Borden and his wife were Miss Lizzie A. Borden, his youngest daughter by a former marriage, and an only servant, named Bridget Sullivan. Miss Borden's character stood high. She was well educated and refined, and appeared to have a special af fection for her father. Stepmothers are not usually popular when they come into second Mrs. Borden appears to have been regarded as a mother by the two daughters of her husband.

Although very close in money matters, Andrew J. Borden met all his obligations to the penny and was never known deliberately to wrong a man or to ignore a just debt. There was nothing in Mr. Borden's house to excite the cupidity of a robber, for, with his customery care, his fortune was either invested or in safe banks, and his household belongings, while comfortable, were of the simplest kind. Why, then, any one should wish to murder this man and his wife could not be divined at the time, and the chances are the reason will remain unknown until the day of the

last judgment. Between the hours of 12 and 1 on Thursday, Aug. 4, 1892, Mr. Borden's neighbors, who were numerous and within easy reach, bread crumts moistened with milk and the nearest, Dr. S. W. Bowen and Miss

They found Miss Borden in a state of great excitement. She had just sent the ervant, Bridget Sullivan, help. She had told her friends that it was her father's babit to sleep on the sofa in the oven. For creamed turkey prepare the sitting room for an bour or two after in the same way as for the scalloped. the midday meal. She talked with him for a few minutes before he dosed off, then left him and went to the barn, some 50 feet back of the house. When she returned ten minutes afterward, she found her fa ther lying dead on the sofa in about the same position he had been in when she went out. His head had been crushed in by a blunt instrument, and his face and

clothing were covered with blood. The people who had responded to Miss Borden's call in their turn added to the cries of alarm. Throngs crowded about the house, and physicians and officers came in. Soon they made another discovery In an upper room, where Mrs. Borden had been evidently making up the bed, she lay dead, face downward, on the floor. Tha she had been murdered was evident at a glance. Blood covered the carpet, and it seems to have splashed in spray over the

ceiling and walls. In the presence of this double tragedy the strongest men became excited and the coolest lost their heads, but all were im-



pressed with a certain belief that the mur lerer must have had an iron will, a heart of flint and a cool head, otherwise this terrible crime could not have been committed without leaving some traces of the

The detectives and police officers were at their wits' end. A hint had been sent out that a mysterious man had been seen on the door steps of Mr. Borden's house a few days before, and the authorities, in their anxiety to fasten the crime upon comebody, came to the opinion that this uncertain man was the murderer. When the people of Fall River could regain their senses, they came to the opinion that the murderer must have been a person entirely familiar with the habits of the Borden family, and as no theft had been committed they came to the further that another motive than that of plunder

lay behind the crime. At all times there were six persons in and about the Borden house—the murdered man and his wife, his two daughters, the oldest being Miss Emma L. Borde Bridget Sullivan, the indoor servant, and the place and took charge of the barn. It

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

dead of night, the horror at its perpetra tion could not have been greater, but the mystery surrounding the case would have been very much lessened.

At the time the murder was con: "ttee Miss Emma L. Borden was on a vis. ' some relatives out of the city; the hire man was not about; Bridget Sullivan wa then in her own room, in the attic; Mr Borden was lying on a sofa in the sitting room; Mrs. Borden was setting her own room to rights, and Lizzie Borden was in

The weapon with which the murder were committed was an ordinary ax, such as is used for splitting kindling wood. Acting under the orders of City Marshal Rufus B. Hilliard, all the available police force of Fall River was put upon the case. The only person in the house at the time of the murders, except the victims and the murderer, was Bridget Sullivan. She was lying on her own bed, in the attle, when she heard Miss Lizzie Borden shouting to her: "Father is dead! Go for Dr. Bowen!"

It was the opinion of those who were at all able to reason about the crime that the motive for the murder was money, but that the criminal, alarmed by the return from the barn of Miss Lizzie Borden, made his escape without taking any-thing. Miss Lizzie Borden, although overwhelmed by the terrible blow, never lost, her self possession, but to all the questioning told her story again and again without any variation, or any of those signs of hysteria which even a strong woman might be expected to have shown under these trying circumstances.

The autopsy proved the murder to have been of the most cruel character. There were 13 wounds on Mr. Borden's head, the majority of which had pierced through the skull to the brain, and one had severed the eyeball and right jaw bone. Mrs. Borden's body was even more severely dealt with. The skull was broken into fragments and the flesh literally chopped into ribbons. In addition, there was deep cut between the shoulder blades, which pierced the lungs. The doctors were in doubt as to which of the victims was first killed, and to determine this the stomachs were removed and the contents examined. A strikingly remarkable result of this investigation was the conclusion of the doctors that the woman had been dead for two hours before the man. It further appeared that Mrs. Borden had been struck a murderous blow from behind while she was making the bed. She fell forward on her face, and the flend continued the hacking as before described. An other curious fact was developed by the examination of the stomachs of the mur dered man and woman, and that was that they had been undergoing a process of slow poisoning for some time. The inves-



LIZZIE BORDEN AT THE BAR. tigation of the detectives proved that at a store about a mile from the Borden hous a young woman whom the clerk did not know had at several times purchased by drocyanic acid, which, she claimed, wa to kill moths which were eating her sealskin cloak. Hydrocyanic acid is a diluted form of prussic acid, one of the deadliest poisons and one of the safest a criminal

can administer.
Following the murder the remaining

nembers of the Borden family were continually shadowed by the police At this time Miss Lizzie A. Borden wa 82 years of age, a member in good stand ing of the Congregational church and ar active participant in all its charities. Miss Lizzie seemed to care but little for society She had a class in Sunday school and tool an active part in the Woman's Christian Temperance union. John V Morse against whom suspicion never for an instant pointed, was a man of good family, who seems to have been unfortunate in business and whom Mr. Borden regarded as a friend rather than as an employee. During the investigation it came out through Miss Emma Borden that the rela-

tions of her sister with her father and stepmother had not been of the most amicable kind for some years. Gradually suspicion began to center or Lizzie Borden. Her calmness and self possession were even urged against her inmocence, till at last, in obedience to popular clamor rather than because of any evi-

dence they had collected, the authorities decided to arrest her. Lizzie Borden was quick to notice the tide setting against her, and with that forethought that distinguished her from first to last she secured the services of Andrew J. Jennings, a well known attorney of Fall River, to look after her interests.

Again and again the house was searche from cop to bottom, without adding any-thing to the information obtained the first Two days after the murder Andrev J. Borden and his wife were buried, the two daughters being among the chie mourners. Immediately following the fu neral the Borden sisters joined in offering reward of \$5,000 for the arrest and oc viction of the murderer. Every clew that promised a shred of hope was carefully followed up. On the Tuesday before the murder, and about 9 o'clock in the morning, a horse and buggy came to a halt be fore the Borden mansion. In another buggy sat a young man who was employed in a house across the street from the den residence. There were two men in the strunge vehicle, one of whom rang the bell of the Borden mansion and was seen talking with Mr. Borden for some time. He was seen to re-enter the buggy in hurry and to drive off. After much search these men were found and showed that they had good business reasons for visit-ing Mr. Borden, with whom their rela-

tions were of the pleasantest kind.
Policemen, detectives, lawyers cranks all ever the country at once began flooding the authorities of Fall River with theories, good, bad and indifferent—but erincinally the latter, account the theory

mariers and felling flow the original

At the coroner's inquest a fact came out that tended to intensiff the crystallizing feeling against Lizzie Borden. Bridgel Sullivan swore that her young mistress had burned a certain blue caltee dress with white spots, which other witnesses swore they had seen Lizzle wearing that morn-

Lizzie,Borden was arrested, as we have stated. Not a shadow of suspicion at-



BRIDGET SULLIVAN. never wavered in her fidelity or confidence At the preliminary hearing the accused

was taken to the Taunton jail. On Nov. 7 the case was brought before the grand jury of Bristol county, and after devoting a week to the hearing their finding was an indictment against Lizfore Judge J. W. Hannon of the superior court to plead to the indictments. Her plea in each charge was "not guilty."

or Robinson of Massachusetts was re- are doing your full share in this direc-

tained to assist in her defense. of June 5, 1893, 11 months to a day from the time the murder had been committed. As is the custom in New England in such

and Associate Justices Kaylor Blodgett chusetts Library Club. and Justin Dewey. Although the judges had decided that no outsider should be ad mitted to the courtroom, the curiosity was so great that people flocked to New Bedford from all over the country, and

The case was so ably managed by the commonwealth that on the tenth day those who had heard or kept track of the testimony were convinced that the finding of the jury would be against Lizzie Borden. On the eleventh day Mr. Jennings opened for the defense, and his speech on this occasion must take rank among the ablest forensic displays of the New England bar. He was ably seconded by ex-Governor Robinson, who, though his reputation had been established as an orator, excelled on

this occasion all his former efforts. In all crimes of this kind the question of motive is the ruling one. It was shown by the defense that Lizzie Borden had abundant means; that on the death of her father, who was 70 years of age, she would er might not be said to have been affectionate, they were at least cordial, so that there was no incentive for the perpetration of the crime. The response of District Attorney Knowiton gave that gentleman a and this was why it was used instead of outside of New England. Mr. Justice been taken out."—Louisville Courier-Dewey summed up with remarkable abil- Journal. ity and fairness, but it was thought by those who heard him that his charge was favorable to the accused.

Thirteen days after the trial began the nour and ten minutes returned a verdict

New England, but the murderer of her father and stepmother remains undetected and the chances are never will be known.

The Preacher Thrashed Him. his wife's funeral and thrashed the parson who had been making free with the Weller | would have acknowledged himself beatdomicile. Tony's experience was reversed in the case of Clarence Saunders of Victor, N. Y., who returned to his home the other night and found a church sociable in progress, presided over by Rev. Mr. Merritt of the Methodist church. man accused Mr. Merritt of interfering the fat new arrivals always kept to the with his household management, and dur- right, the thin penguins, which were ing the row that followed he was soundly moving off to the continent, always kept thrashed by the minister.

Still Earning Honest Livings. A Portland merchant has recently had illustrated to him, in the person of two commercial travelers, great vicissitudes of fortune. One who called to solicit trade for a certain brand of catchup was at one time one of the leading merchants of Boston, and his residence, when adversity came, sold under the hammer for \$73,000. The other, who had a line of cigars, had been twice elected governor of one of the largest of the middle western states.

A Courteous Invitation A couple of burglars were trying to effect their entrance into a house. The master of the establishment heard them, and, opening the window gently, he observed, You had better come again after awhile,

as we haven't all gone to bed yet. New Woman's Latest Outburst.

The young ladies of Grove City, Pa., have organized a band. There are at present 11 members, and all are leading young ladies of thit place. They practice twice a week and expect to be in first class trim

The Disadvantage of Bloomers. When Mrs. Leonine Cook of Chicago went in bloomers to visit a friend, the dog failed to recognize her and tore her garments to bits, severely biting her.

How to Make Cinnamou Stars.

A pound of almonds, blanched and chopped fine; a tesspoonful of baking powder, 4 eggs, 2 ounces of cinnamon, the least flour possible the better the cake. Cut with a small tin cutter shape of a star and size of a silver dollar; roll

How to Prevent Unpleasant Breakfasts. Don't prevent fresh coffee by being a half hour late.

Don't become so engrossed in the paper that you cannot enter into conversa-Don't comment on the bills which

come in the morning mail. Don't serve breakfast on any but a fresh cloth. Don't serve catmenl 865 days in the year. Don't burry the children to school.

Have breakfast early enough for the

Tastes Good. Smells Good. 25e, and 50e, per bottle-50c sizes 234 times larger than 25c. Sold HERB MEDICINEO ., On sale in Canton a. Ansen ******

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Breaks Up a Cold,

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Cures Paines of All Kinds. There's nothing "Just as good."

for a higher standard of literature depends largely upon the libraries and library associations. Larger library funds and better methods of distribution will make the next generation of scribblers better fitted to scribble. The books which puzzle publishers the most are woman pleaded not guilty, after which she those which a few people could use to great advantage. If we publishers could be assured that 500 public libraries would buy them, it would be possible for us to publish many books which are now zie Borden for the murder of her father refused, but which would be in demand and stepmother. Ball was refused, and by a scholarly reading public, now not Miss Borden remained in Taunton jail able to buy them. Out of 4,000 libraries until the 8th of May, 1898, when she was in this country only about 700 have a taken to New Bedford and arraigned bebuying income, and of these perhaps 100 can take these books which the scholars, who would use them with great benefit, In addition to Mr. Jennings, ex-Govern. can take. Here in New England you tion of catering to the most scholarly According to arrangements already taste of readers, but many of you lack made, the trial of Miss Lizzie Borden comfunds, and what we need all over this nenced at New Bedford on the morning country is a better understanding of this need and library endowments which shall make it possible for us to publish these works that would be of benefit to The three superior court judges who libraries and to the very best class of presided were Chief Justice Albert Mason renders.—Mr. G. H. Putnam to Massa-

Weight and Quality Unimpaired.

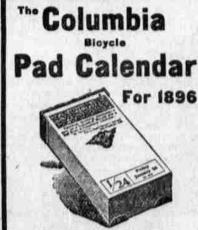
A man at one of the hotels the other night told an interesting story of how nearly all the great papers in the Union the freighters in the far west used to were represented by correspondents. The supply themselves with whisky. He the freighters in the far west used to doors were open to the public after the said that some years ago, when all freight on the frontiers was hauled in wagons, he happened to make a trip of several hundred miles with a train of wagons carrying merchandise to remote stations. Nearly every wagon contained one or more barrels of whisky.

"The first night out I noticed," said he, "great activity around the whisky barrels. The wagons each had a hatchet and a gimlet. They would knock up a hoop, bore a hole, draw all the whisky they wanted, then put about as much fine gravel in the barrel as they had drawn out whisky, drive a plug in the hole, and put the hoop back in place.

"I learned afterward that the barrels were weighed and the whisky tested beinherit her share of the estate, and that, although her relations with her stepmothand that when it arrived at its destination it was again weighed and tested. The gravel supplied the weight and celebrity, particularly with the profession water to supply the place of what had

Penguins of Possession Island It was most remarkable to see what a jury retired, and after being absent an regulated system of roads the inhabitants of Possession had arranged. From of not guilty.

Lizzle Borden left the court a free womstraight into the middle of the island, an, and since then has been living with and from this secondary roads went out her sister in Fall River and other parts of to all parts, the whole forming a network of roads apparently ruled by a most civilized department. With beak and feet the penguins had carefully put away most of the pebbles and stones from their footpaths, and where snow We all remember how, in "Pickwick covered the grounds the roads had by Papers," the elder Weller came home after constant use become so smooth and so neat that Macadam in all his glory en. The most curious thing of all was the way in which the penguins seemed to maintain order in these paths. Currents of penguins were continually moving from and toward the beach. While



to the left, and I never saw any fighting

among them. The colony evidently

formed one peaceful community. -C. E.

Borchgrevink in Century.

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